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Miller Papers

F. D. M.

ITALY.

1875.

Vol. I - Padua Jan. 27 - Piacenza Feb. 10.

Vol. II - Genoa Feb. 11 - Venice Feb. 16

Feb. 25 - June 27

Venetian Glass works.

Aqua, home of Petrarch.

Republic of San Marino.

PADUA (via Venice) New Year 1875.

Jan. 27 1875

One never knows ^{how} ~~who~~ thoroughly life in Venice partakes of a nautical character until he has left the town. Living on the waters edge, always accustomed to the splash and lap of the waves, daily in a gondola, never out of sight of the sea and always in the presence of the messengers from all the civilized world, the eye accustomed to the lines of the masts against the sky and to the picturesque groupings of sails - these sights and accompanying sounds become so familiar that one forgets that such a life is ^a strange aquatic existence and the realization of its true character only dawns upon him when he has left behind all this and stands on terra firma and among the trees and fields once more. Then too it is not the sense of sight that is surprised and gratified the most; the eye welcomes the grey greens of the dead foliage and the brown tobacco color of the fields, but rests on the buildings and the long walls as on the architecture and enclosures of the city of canals. The sense of smell is the first sense that is awakened strongly and, strange to say, this is the most violently and constantly excited. The earthy odors the peculiar scent of the mud and the dead foliage, the ditches and the barnyards, each one of these odors and a thousand more distinct and detached strike these sensitive nerves of smell and one is surprised at the quick recognition and peculiar never before noticed strength and character of these myriads of scents. The fresh air of Venice and the peculiarly permeating odor of sea water that penetrates everywhere deadening many minor smells and accustoming the nose to a monotony of sensations is always agreeable and never more to be prized than when it is for a season lost. All this and more came into my mind as we landed in Padua and the vapors of the earth, steaming under the warm sun, rose up to greet our unaccustomed nostrils and to surprise our senses. The sight of a carriage caused us to shout with joy and mirth; the machine looked so awkward and cumbersome there was no place for an oarsman and it was all out of balance. We wondered almost if anyone would dare to ride in one and against the dictates of our reason and ignoring unwittingly the results of all our previous experience we were actually surprised to see people calmly step into carriages and be driven away. Mud too looked queer on the streets and trees seemed entirely out of place. This is no exaggerated description of our sensations on reaching for the

first time in four months terra firma.

Giotto's frescoes in a little chapel leading off the old amphitheatre or rather the oval where the theatre was once, instructed and delighted me as I have rarely been before. Two sides and one end of this building are entirely covered with paintings (14 century) remarkably well preserved for frescoes and quite fresh and unchanged in color. Among the multitude of fine compositions there was a deposition, a last supper, resurrection of Lazarus and washing the disciples feet that interested me the most. It is impossible to put down my impressions of these gems of Italian art. In this little chapel is hidden the germ of all the Italian painting and the frescoes are the best examples of art in its highest and noblest expression. The figures are so simple and dignified, there is so much honest purpose uninfluenced by the material, directed and induced by honest conviction and faith, that the pictures far excel any of the later artists. Beside these few simple groups Titian's masterpieces, gigantic as they are in conception and execution, are but superficial, conventional and artificial. Giotto's wonderful naiveté and truth of expression not only facial but mental, his devotion to the spirit of the illustration and his scorn of trick and quiet confidence in the perfection of the character as illustrated by the figures, is most enchanting. His old men are models of goodness, his figures are intimate in their relations and all brothers in the one great purpose of life and leave nothing to be wished for in the way of sentiment. It never was so fully proven to me as today, the importance of the study of the primitive masters instead of the later ones.

San Antonio does not give me the idea of slow and stately growth, it looks with its group of domes, like a great mushroom sprung up in one night and the tall towers are the slender fungi that shoot up in damp places. It is a church of contradictions. At some distances and from some sides it is beautiful, near at hand it is ugly. It is all of brick. Inside there are some grandly beautiful details, the chapel of San Antonio with the bas reliefs and the candelabra is rich and interesting but the ceiling is ugly in the extreme. We found some frescoes of Mantegna in the Eremitani and some of Titian in the Carmine but Giotto spoiled all for me. Santa Juistina we found very large and not altogether interesting although details were.

Padua is crooked, full of arcades and with very little noticeable architecture; an occasional ~~periodic~~ facade or old column attracts the eye. The Palace of the Ragione is a great building with two or three stories of arcades very peculiar and unique, and a few other buildings might be studied but not with great profit. Plenty of pretty girls, very many rich costumes on the street and general quiet and repose everywhere. One large café we were in serves as a sort of thoroughfare where the people walk through and look at the habitués sitting at the marble tables. The hotel is the quaintest pile full of unaccountable corners and short flights of steps and curious outlooks. Our room faces the church and the domes and spires remind one of the Orient.

Tonight an oriental sunset, the silhouette of Donatello's fine bronze equestrian statue of Gattamelata against the deep hued west was most impressive. It seemed to be advancing in majesty along the housetops, for from my position the feet of the horse just came level with the roofs and in the twilight the silhouette was perfect.

Florence Jan. 28.

The hotel in Padua was all in darkness when we rose and the servant had, Italian fashion, neglected to call us for the train. The necessity of rising at 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ weighed on both our minds however and we were awake in time, groped our way down the crooked quaint stone stairway, found the porter sleeping in the dining room, waked him paid our bill (2.50) and departed. The walk in the fresh frosty air was agreeable and we got on board just in time. A flat plain to Bologna a ride of 4 hours. As we had two hours to wait, we strolled round the town. B. is a city which reminds me of a snail, it hides itself in its own shell and so completely stows itself away under continuous arcades that you have to search for any evidence of habitations in many streets. All the houses almost without exception are built over arcades which form covered sidewalks, cherishing cold in winter but giving grateful shade in summer. These arcades run along every street around every courtyard and the immense bare interior of the cathedral seems but a refined continuation of the ordinary street arcades. The square or Piazza Maggiore is impressive; The church of San Petronio 128 yards long is on one side and the Palazzo Pubblico and Pal. del Podestà on the other sides. On my last visit here San Stefano a curious

pile of seven distinct churches grouped into one complex and highly picturesque interior interested me much, but this visit I did not see it. There are two square leaning towers of no great interest after the beautiful structure of Pisa. We dined at a restaurant near the cathedral. Paid for a litre of wine and two soups and bread 1.95 - pretty cheap even for Italy. Just out the station of Bologna the railway passes a hill with the church of S. Luce upon it the long colonnade of 635 arches which leads up to it is plainly visible. A short distance from B. the road begins to ascend and the scenery grows wilder and more rugged. Exquisite glimpses of the mountains are had from time to time and in about three hours the summit of the pass is reached. On the descent the views are more beautiful and from between tunnels one can look miles down upon the broad plain of Tuscany with the scattered villages and the busy city of Pistoja. At one of the mountain stations a young fellow of 20 years perhaps got in the car with some companions and began to blubber like a child, digging his hands into his eyes and bellowing very loudly. All his neighbors tried to quiet him but to no purpose. On the platform stood another also crying. What it was all about we could not make out. At last the baby went to sleep on the shoulder of a woman next him and we heard no more of him until he got out. His destination proved to be about five miles from where he parted with his weeping friend - a spectacle of childishness in a grown man I never before witnessed. We reached Florence at 8.30 and came to my old hotel the Stella d'Italia. The air here is refreshing and home like and not nearly as cold as in Venice.

Florence Jan 29.

What a charming thing it would be if one could retain the hearty enthusiastic schoolgirl gratitude for the mere privilege of existing in a foreign city. The first impression of European cities is so enchanting and lasts as few months that one always looks back to those first days abroad as days fuller of real enjoyment more rich in new experiences and altogether much more enjoyable than any that come after. For the rest of the time one deplores that those impressions can never return in their old freshness and in the presence of newcomers and untravelled people one feels quite blasé and like an old inhabitant. Florence is more than

any other city the ideal town of all the sentimental art-struck young ladies, the unfledged connoisseurs and the rich traveller who gains his knowledge of art from garden statues and poor copies of mediocre originals. Even much more than at Munich is a travellers art atmosphere developed at Florence. The shops are jammed full of photographs, copies, mosaics, statuettes etc. etc. in a bewildering confusion and the moneyed traveller who escapes the siren of Florentine modern art falls into the snares at Rome for sure. The inevitable traveller red guide book and all walks the sunny streets of Florence with a consciousness that he is in his element that he is as much a part of the population as the milkmen or the fishsellers. No one looks twice at a traveller in Florence except it be to bore him with the offer of articles for sale. One meets squads of gushing damsels and parties of schoolgirls, and envies their radiant satisfaction beaming from their fresh faces, sees that they are full of the new and long dreamed of life abroad, recognises the dawning of a love of art - however misdirected it may be - in their wise looks and their diligent study of everything that looks like a picture or a statue. It is the inexperienced and the childish delight in all that is new and strange that is enviable in these fresh travellers and I would give more than I dare name for half of their naive capability of gush and delight. We old residents and blasé travellers go quietly to an Italian hotel lunch in a cheese shop, go about in an omnibus and do everything like the natives. Our country people live at the great strangers hotels drive in the swell carriages eat at table d'hôte and play the part of stranger at great expense and with the acquirement of very little knowledge.

A little run about the Uffizzi and the Pitti galleries gave me queer sensations. After the gorgeous decorations of Venice the tiny pictures of Florentine galleries seemed but child's play. The Venus of Titian I did not like so much neither the Bella nor Flora - but in the Pitti the portrait of _____ was better to me than ever before. Botticelli lost none of his sweetness of expression, Fra Angelico's figures gained in grace and refinement after a trip north and the first pictures of Raphael lost not one bit of their old value for me. The Dutch school does not gain on me much.

In the afternoon I visited the studio of John McNamee and saw his baseball player a very good figure, and also Sig. Passaglia's studio to see the colossal Lincoln bust.

Found it very good indeed. At night we made a trip into stranger land and dined with friends at the Hotel de la Ville - table d'hote, that most disagreeable of all places where people assemble to stare at each other to conjecture and to pry into the secrets of all present and make fools of themselves generally. Eating is of secondary importance, because it may well be on account of the quantity and quality of the food I suppose. Deliver us from the table d'hote! Florence is warmer than Venice, but with all its home atmosphere and popularized art Venice is more attractive and more to my taste.

Saturday Jan. 30

A visit to Signor Passaglia's studio, the real author of the Lincoln monument proved to me beyond the possibility of a doubt the truth of the declaration that the bust of Lincoln as well as most of the monument was made by this Italian. In his studio we saw a colossal clay head of Lincoln very like in expression full of exquisite modelling and quite a masterpiece of force and character. Some idea of the size of the bust may be had from the proportion of the ear which is two inches longer than a man's head. In the same studio is a bust of the venerable Marchese Gino Capponi, modelled for the concours which is soon to take place, the successful competitor being commissioned to make a bronze bust for the National Museum. Passaglia is modest almost servile in his manner - the result of long years of humble toil in the studio of another. John McNamee's studio also was open to us. We found there many well known busts and medallions but more especially the clay figure of the baseball player. The figure in its action recalls somewhat the fighting gladiator although the movement is different in some respects. Both the arms are stretched forward to receive the ball and the right foot clings to the canvas bag. The modelling is conscientious and studied to the line. McNamee has been engaged some three years on this work and will not finish it before another season. The evening we went in company with Bradford and Bull of my class whom we met in the Gallery, to see the opera of Po to and the ballet of the Fille de Cheops. We found the theatre (the Pergola) ugly and cold looking, the performance destitute of any merit. The market herein Florence is a model of its kind. It covers quite an area of the city and stretches

along in several directions from the central hall or clump of small sheds which form the nucleus of these radiating streets full of market produce. There is no building especially devoted to the sale of produce, the streets are lined with booths and stands loaded with vegetables and fruit, fowl and flesh fish and all living edible creation. We are fond of strolling through these long narrow picturesque streets and studying the various collections of produce and it is an appetising occupation. The country people bring in each morning loads of their garden "sass" and fresh fish from the sea, droves of sheep and cattle from the hills, wild boar and other game from the mountains and snails and hares from the plains are assembled in these narrow streets and are offered up (the ~~animal~~ ^{animal} part) as holocausts before the eyes of the passers. The beasts are slaughtered in the street or in the tiny stalls and the reeking carcasses swing in the cool air as we dodge by. Cages of pigeons, squads of dogs of every breed chained together pets of various kinds and an interminable assortment of live fowl all lend their voices to make the general confusion more varied and mixed. In this bedlam of sounds and this kaleidoscope of sights we are almost the only uninterested silent spectators. Servants higgie and mistresses bargain merchants cry and geese cackle and all are busy in selling or buying. We take perhaps more interest in watching the cooking which goes on in the open air. Charcoal pans supported on tripods blaze under great fry dishes full of hot oil bubbling over and turning to a rich brown the little irregular shaped bits of dough frying after the manner of our New England doughnuts. Opposite we find a smaller tripod and a man frying blood which curdles into great black greasy looking pancakes. Nearby another fries square cakes of ~~polenta~~ polenta and perhaps with his other hand stirs the toasting chestnuts. Cauliflower, purple and white, steams on great pewter dishes, balls of boiled greens and great pans of boiled potatoes and turnips give out a home-like fragrance. Of fruit we find every variety: grapes apples and pears, olives oranges and lemons, mandarins and pomegranates. Dried figs apricots prunes dates raisins plums and various nameless (not nameless but with names unknown to me) delicacies all heap up the tables on all sides and sweeten the air. Cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, beets, onions, parsnips, carrots lettuce of many kinds, asparagus, green peas and string beans celery and artichokes both the tuber and the blossom, these and many

other species of vegetables which one would expect to find only after a month of spring weather, we met with here in the market just fresh from the earth as bright and inviting as can be. How the market gardener gets such early crops was for a time inexplicable. On reflecting that there is no frost to speak of it occurs to me that it is easy to plant seed for a continuous crop of any vegetable. All the necessities of life are much cheaper here than in Venice and the market is far superior to any we have there.

Sunday Jan 31

Stephen Weston Healy took us to see Mr. Joel T Hart the sculptor in his studio on the Piazza Indipendenza. Our reception by this veteran will always remain in my mind as one of the pleasantest I have ever experienced. He came to the door with his old gown on, a coarse bagging apron tied around his legs and a velvet scullcap on his head. The very touch of his hand was sympathetic and his old time-furrowed face beamed with good fellowship and genial warmth. We were but a second in getting acquainted and we began to talk in a most familiar and brotherly manner. Mr. Hart has one of the finest heads I ever saw. His hair and beard are grey. His forehead is high and the lines are full of thought. Great grey shaggy eyebrows shade deep eyes full of sympathy, now dimmed somewhat by age and long labor but full of life and reflecting a happy nature. He is a poet as well or more perhaps than a sculptor and writes continually. He showed us with great care and just pride his machine which he has invented for taking points to copy statues or even to make busts and we saw several examples of work done by the aid of this compound caliper arrangement - for the machine is nothing more than an ingenious compound caliper with ~~hundreds~~ hundreds of points. His statue Triumph of Chastity - or a similar title - we studied and were pleased very much with it. He has modelled on it for twelve years almost continuously and perfects it very gradually and laboriously. Some of the forms of the Chastity pleased me very much and the idea is a worthy one. Chastity holds in the air with her left hand one of Cupids arrows and her right hand grasps the bow of the little god standing at her knee. I call the figure Chastity because I do not know what else to name it. Mr. Hart reminds me of an old Greek. His face is of the past; he is

full of feeling for the Greek art and his fine old eyes look like mirrors of an age long since forgotten. His politeness is of the old school and his manner and charming conversation puts one at his ease immediately. One thing Mr. Hart said is worth putting down. Speaking of the hurry we moderns are in he said sadly "Yes we must have short speeches, short books, short poems - In Memoriam is too long for us nowadays" He seemed the last of the old stock fighting against the fast life the increasing speed of us of the present generation. He produces a great deal of poetry much of which is of necessity commonplace, but an occasional poem of real merit is found among the thousand he has written. Dined with Mr. Healy.

Monday Feb 1.

The studio of Signor Albano we found full of interesting figures and heads. Of all the sculptors I have ever met this one has the most facility of execution, the greatest fertility of invention. His studio is full of all manner of works and all varieties of execution are seen in this collection. He cuts the marble with all the skill and with more taste than the Milanese workmen who have so recently created a school of false sculpture which produces enough that is trivial and artificial to supply the demand of the fashionable travellers who mistake sickly sentimentality in sculpture for depth of feeling and honest expression. Albano's portrait busts are very well made. His ideal heads such as the "seasons" are arranged with exquisite taste and are full of delicate grace. He is engaged at present on a large statue embodiment of the Spirit of Venice. The sculptor himself is one of the most attractive men I ever met - he is more American than Italian. Of course the subject of the Art frauds is all the rage here in Florence. Nothing else is talked of among the artists. Albano is but little implicated. An American "Park" copied one of his small sketches whereas the sketch in question was made before Park came to Europe at all.

Tuesday morning.

We visited the church of Santa Maria Novella to see the frescoes of Memmi, Gaddo, Guirlandajo and Orcagna. The chapel degli Spagnuoli with the frescoes by the two first named artists is the place where I was introduced to Ruskin last summer. The frescoes have lost none of their interest

for me. The large picture with the Dominicans contains a group of people listening to the preaching of one of the monks which in expression is so infinitely superior to the "Paul preaching to the Athenians" of Raphael that the frescoes in the Vatican fade entirely before it. In the angels heads are some of the most beautiful faces met with in the whole range of fresco painting. Opposite this on the other wall there is one figure holding a globe on which were marked the three quarters of the Globe as then known - Europe Asia Africa. When America was discovered (this fresco was probably done about 1350) some one changed Africa into America thus **AMERICA** leaving the first A wrong side up. Orcagna's grand choir of saints in the church kept us long before it studying the exquisitely refined heads and the virgin of Cimabue with the six dainty little angels around her if we had not known the interesting story of its production would have charmed us with its religious feeling. For me the heads by Guirlandajo are the most perfect examples of portraiture as such existing. I cannot conceive how a perfect portrait (for the heads are such) can be made with more frankness and more simplicity. In the afternoon we went to the studio of James R Brevoort and found his landscape sketches full of interest. He has been abroad but a couple of years and is rapidly changing his style. His studio is full of sketches of Italy and Switzerland some of them of great merit. Edwin Whites sketches of Egypt which we saw immediately afterward were a disappointment. They had none of the warmth of that country and no feeling of Oriental air or character of the landscape. His study in the interior of the Bargello is very well painted, coldly mechanical but not without merit. His Dante and Giotto like most of his figure pictures are a strange mixture of strength and weakness of grace and formal mechanical rigidity. Dined with Mr. Healy.

Wednesday. Feb 2.

In the previous pages I have omitted to speak of our visit to the Belle Arte and the convent of San Marco. My visit to the Belle ^{Arte} ~~the~~ was principally to have the privilege of again touching the David of Michael Angelo. This colossal figure was removed a couple of years ago from its place in front of the Palazzo Vecchio and stuck away in an empty space behind the Academy of Fine Arts, where it is hidden from view by a wooden shed. Workmen are

busily engage in laying the foundations of a house to be erected over the statue. We feed the custodian to let us enter and we mounted the ladder to the stage that is built about the middle of the great figure and had the statue all to ourselves. The feel of the marble is soft like flesh. The long right arm with the swollen veins is delightful to ^{the} touch and one feels like hugging the cold marble it is so fleshlike and shapely. The convent of San Marco is the scene of the labors of Fra Angelico and cell after cell is decorated with the pictures and frescoes of the old monk. Nearly all represent the crucifixion. The cell of Savaronola interested us exceedingly. Various relics including a portrait by Fra Bartolomeo are shown.

Florence is not growing on me - in fact I long for Venice. All today we spent in running round and accomplished necessarily very little. Whether it is the everlasting discussion of the Art Frauds or the fact that we are pilgrims and strangers we are still not satisfied with the city, and are bored to speak frankly. The town is too modern, has too little character; the suburbs might well be Longwood or Brookline. The country houses are as tasteless as our American residences, the streets of the city are quite as uninteresting as those of New York or Boston. Then there is such a crowd of stupid people who ~~dog~~ dog your steps in the galleries that one cannot take any pleasure in looking at any picture. Great crowds of schoolgirls with their teachers swarm the picture expositions and we are anxious to get back to our Venice again.

Thursday Feb 3.

It is not strange that I should indulge in the expression of my dislike to Florence and its floating population after such an experience as we have had in the galleries. In gallery after gallery we have met the same people heard the same imbecile remarks and insipid gush about pictures they did not understand and at last we are quite out of patience with everybody and everything. Today we varied the monotony of sightseeing by a long sleep in the daytime, not however until we had visited the house of Michael Angelo. This is a small museum in its way but contains nothing of very great interest. A few drawings and fragments are almost the only relics of the great master. The rooms he used to occupy were interesting especially a tiny closet with scarcely room enough for a writing desk where he

used to do his writing. As it is "Glovedi grasso" there are no museums open today beside the one we visited. Mr. Healy found us asleep in the late afternoon for the day was too hideous to enjoy out of doors. In the evening we dined with him. There were present Signor Albano and Mr. Hart. The Art Frauds are developing. Pierce Francis Connolly has published notice that he has commenced a suit for libel against the "Touriste" and the authors and investigators of the so-called slanders. Mr. Healy is confident of success in this suit - more confident than I am.

Friday. A dim old portrait of Tintoretto by himself which hangs among the portraits in the Uffizzi attracted me so strongly that I concluded to make a sketch of it. A couple of hours in the Gallery proved to be well spent and I brought back a good souvenir of the fine old head. The more I see of Tintoretto the more I am impressed by his strength and wonderful skill. I am not afraid to prophecy that he will sooner or later take much higher rank among the old masters than he now occupies. Of course he is only seen at best - hardly seen at all - but at Venice. In company with Mr. McNamee we took a drive to Fiesole - a charming trip. The road leads off to the North of Florence and at the distance of a couple of miles begins to ascend quite rapidly and we soon find ourselves zigzagging up the side of a steep hill quite pointed in form, dotted all over with villas - none of them of great beauty nearly all excessively ugly - and crowned by the large monastery. The drive up the hillside gives the opportunity for a succession of delightful views and the broad valley of the Arno widens and stretches further and further away until the summit is reached. The road ends ~~in~~ in a large square and the first object of interest is the cathedral - for there is quite a town nestled just under the sharp spur which bears the monastery. Fiesole was an old Etruscan city and they are now engaged in excavating a theatre near the church. When the church was built bits of columns, capitals and bases were introduced into the structure and the interior is sown with these fragments. The arches between the columns are of different sizes and the capitals are all different. In the chapels there are some quite remarkable examples of early Christian sculpture by Mino da Fiesole. From the church we went up the steep path to the monastery, followed by a dozen pedlars of straw goods. One of the industries of the

valley of the Arno and in fact the chief one is the braiding of straw. All the Leghorn straw grows in this valley and the inhabitants manufacture it into hats fans baskets etc.etc. in the neatest possible manner. The inhabitants of Fiesole are nearly all engaged in this trade and have the advantage of much retail business, for they pester the visitors to death to buy their wares. After a great deal of bargaining and no end of talk I succeeded in getting three fine openwork fans beautifully made to shut up for the small sum of 1.50. The view from the hill near the monastery is superb. Florence looks small enough, the great cathedral dome is dwarfed into insignificance by the great knolls that rise beyond the Arno. The day was perfect; great white clouds cast purple shadows in the hazy blue valley and the shining ribbon of the Arno was seen far on its way to the sea. We lingered long at a good outlook where some rich Englishman has erected a comfortable stone seat bearing the inscription "A suoi fratelli viaggiatori di ogni paese, questa sedea i dedicata par un Inglese" or words to that effect. On entering the monastery still higher up we found the views eclipsed by far those from the most favorable point below. We were led through the monastery by one old monk, a handsome old fellow, through a cloister and past the place where the poor are fed daily and out into the garden. There is quite an extensive plantation of trees behind the buildings that covers the top of the hill. Shady paths wind among these trees down and out upon the steep hillside and always end in a little terrace with stone seats and a great wooden cross. Seen from each of these terraces the landscape is entirely different. From one side we could look down upon the housetops of Fiesole and see the excavations in the theatre much plainer than when below. When we came away we of course gave a fee to the old monk to help support the dozen companions and the poor who depend on the active alms gathering of the monks. The old fellow was perfectly delighted and rattled off a sentence or two in good Italian saying that they lived on alms else he would not accept this from strangers. Walter Savage Landar used to live in Fiesole and we thought we recognized his house. Here as well as in the city the eye is constantly shocked by the sight of houses uglily painted on the outside in imitation of beams, stone or brick. Often false windows with figures are stuck on and hideous representations of cats and birds sit stiffly on the painted beams. I know of nothing more out of taste

and more repulsive in the way of architecture than this style of exterior ornamentation. In the evening we went to the house of Joh McNamee to dinner. Mr. Healy, two ladies from N.Y. and Miss Sara Barton from Boston. Miss Barton is just recovering from a severe illness, but she sang to us several times. Her voice is very strong and sweet and she sings with exceptional feeling and taste. 'Twas two o'clock when we reached our hotel. It is hardly necessary to add that the dinner was a very good one.

Saturday Feb 6

In the church of Santa Croce there are frescoes by Giotto in better preservation than those in Padua. The chapel which contains these is very small but quite well lighted and the frescoes are easily studied. In Santa Croce as well are the tombs of Michel Angiolo and Dante. The bones of the former lie under the monument but Dante is buried at Ravenna I believe. The National Museum which we visited next contains a mass of interesting statuary, the most noticeable of which are the bas reliefs of Luca della Robbia. The singing boys are among the very few things which impress me strongly - in the way of statuary I mean. In the chapel of the Medicis at the Church of San Lorenzo the tombs by Michael Angiolo did not gain upon intimate acquaintance. The figures are strong and in their movements but to begin with I cannot think marble was intended to perpetuate an allegory and then the hideous combination of dark and light stone in the interior of the chapel took away from the general effect of the monuments. In the photograph the figures are much more impressive. But to return to the Museum, after the Luca della Robbia bas reliefs there is a St. John the Baptist by Donatello a figure which is the impersonation of the character. Meagre with fasting and unnatural excitement, fanatic to the end of his toes, it gives me a better conception of St John - a realistic idea - than I ever met before. John de Bologna's Mercury is in this gallery. Beautiful pose and graceful action but heavy. Flemish forms and little refinement in the contours. Benvenuto Cellini's wax model of the Perseus which stands in the Loggia dei Lanci is far superior to the bronze, to my mind. The forms are more attenuated and the figure much more lithe and godlike. There were also some interesting frescoes which attracted us and several of Michael Angiolo's works.

In the courtyard one gets a fine idea of the medieval palaces; the great stair

and the crowd of ^{escutcheons} ~~excutions~~ the heavy doors and the grated windows the well in the middle and the general structure show how the building was at once a habitation and a fortress.

In the afternoon we drove to the ~~the~~ famous monastery of Certosa, by the way of the Poggio Imperiale a bare formal group of buildings formerly quite a museum of art. The road winds out over the hills out beyond the Porta Romana and for three miles or more there is a succession of villas. Off to the left we could see the tower of Galileo where he used to make ~~the~~ his observations and long before we came to the monastery we could see the great towers and turreted walls of the enormous establishment more like a great castle of the middle ages than a convent. It is situated on the summit of a hill in full view of the surrounding country on the high road to Siena. Just before we reached it, we passed through a little Italian village so thoroughly characteristic that we had to stare at the houses and people as if we were strangers to such sights. The large grounds of the convent are entered at the foot of the hill and the road mounts steeply to the grim entrance of the great grey pile of stone buildings. We found the custode and in company with him were shown over the whole convent. The general plan is the form of a rectangle on the periphery are a number of separate wings each containing two or three rooms, and each quite separate from the other, having its own little promenade and garden. The monks who are Carthusians occupy these little houses each one alone and their food is put in through a trap. Of course they come out and go about and even dine together on Sunday but they cannot speak and are to some extent hermits. The views from all the little houses are exceedingly attractive and it would seem not such an unbearable existence after all to live in such a cosy nest. The chapel is a complex structure with crypt and separate minor chapels. The main church is very rich and paved with ^{most} beautiful mosaic of colored marbles. In the crypt and the smaller chapels are sculptures by Donatello and some pictures by Fra Angelico Giotto and several others. The Spegeria of the convent is quite as cosy and fully as interesting as the rest. It is to all appearances a modern apothecary shop with all the appointments generally found in such a place. The great speciality of Certosa is a liquor called Certosa or Chartreuse famous the world over. It is manufactured here in great quantities as well as

a large number of perfumes and liquors of minor reputation. Among a great variety of bottles we chose a double necked bottle containing Chartreuse and Alkermes. We had in view the employment of the flasks for oil and vinegar and also for ornament. These liqueurs are all sweet and very mild. The rooms which were occupied by Pius VI when he was driven away from Rome by the French were also shown us. A more cheerful suite of rooms I have rarely entered - a superb view from every window, exposed to the sun and with a shady veranda overlooking the valley of the Era. Altogether the visit to the convent was one of the most entertaining trips I have ever made. Of the 14 monks we saw but three. All, I believe, are very old, those we saw could scarcely toddle along and one was quite imbecile in his old age. We took the straight road home via the Bello Squado and reached the house of Mr. Healy in time for dinner.

Sunday Feb 7. Our first move was a drive out of the Porta Romana along the hills to San Miniato a popular outlook and an interesting church and cemetery. The cold was so intense that I could enjoy the ride but little, but I found the interior of the old church with its Pisan ornamentation well worth the ride to see. It seems now to be used as a burial place: The whole hilltop is a cemetery and a large extent is completely paved with marble slabs all the same size and on these are ranged jugs of artificial flowers artificial trees and ugly crosses. From this height Florence is spread below like a map. A piazza just below the church is ornamented by a bronze cast of Michael Angiolo's David with the figures from the chapel of the Medicis. xxx(I have forgotten to mention that we visited on Thursday the protestant cemetery and saw the graves of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. One monument to a certain "Landor" represented the lifesized figure of the weeping widow - a portrait as it is said. She is dressed in the height of fashion with French boots and black gloves stiched with white - a most hideous affair. There is very little taste in the choice of monuments but the situation of the cemetery & a tiny oval plot raised above the surrounding streets, placed in the middle of one of the boulevards - is not without its charms) xxx We made a trip to the frescoes of Masaccio in the Church of the Carmine and I found them fuller of interest than ever before. It is easy to see where and how Raphael drew his inspiration from these works. We went to

say goodbye to Mr. Healy, Mr. McNamee Sigr. Albano (not in) and then stood around an hour or two to see the Corso or procession of the Carnival. It proved to be a very tame affair. There were in all perhaps 20 maskers and the turnouts were not very elegant or numerous, it is generally acknowledged that the Corso was a failure this year.

At 6:10 we took the train for Siena - crowds of people, cold almost unbearable and a long ride. At 9:30 we got out and marched through the chilly streets to our little hotel. A few maskers were trying to enjoy themselves in the cafés but there was little movement. We took a look out upon the great piazza and a sip of Siennese Punch to keep us warm and retired. All the Siennese drink what they call "Ponce". It consists of a great deal of coffee or tea and a very little rum and a tiny bit of lemon. I could detect no flavour of punch about it. Sienna is on a great hill and the air is very bracing so the people can drink strong drinks without harm. They also eat peppers very frequently. Italians as a rule neither drink spirits or eat strong flavored spices like pepper and mustard. We had a fine large room and a huge bed warmed with a dish of coals and it brought us right back to America. The cold is endurable because it is so dry and fresh.

Monday Feb 8.

I have said that Siena was on a hill. We thought so when we came out into the bracing air. After coffee we went immediately to the Cathedral or first to the baptistery a quaint chapel under the choir of the cathedral containing among other things an exquisite font with reliefs by Donatello. The facade of the cathedral is a network of fine carving in marble, ornamented with a great many figures, animals etc. etc. The interior is most complete and rich. In the soft winter's light it made a much better impression on me than in the strong light of a summer sun when I was here last July. The interior is of black and white marble in layers and the ceiling is rich with gilding and carved work. Around the whole interior above the columns are busts of the popes and saints, there are various chapels of interest, the choir stalls are richly carved the rack for the missal is a beautiful piece of wood carving and the pulpit by Nicole da Pisa is the most sumptuous bit of marble cutting I remember to have seen. The stairs leading up to it are exquisitely cut and ornamented with unparalleled richness. The gem of the interior is the pavement. From one end of the church to the other the pavement

of the church to the other the pavement is a success-

ion of pictures - a curious and skillfully cut mosaic of three colors, white grey and brown and a composition like coal tar to make the black lines. The best of these are now covered with planks which are removed by the sacristan. They were designed and made by Beccafumi and are perfectly drawn and the light and shade is well represented by the colored marbles. These are more like drawings in marble than mosaics. Two centuries and a half of constant use has nearly ruined these precious bits and they are consequently carefully protected. In the Sacriste are a number of frescoes by the pupils of Raphael after his designs. They are as fresh and as well preserved as in the time they were painted in fact the best preserved frescoes I ever saw. Here are also preserved 24 great missals and 60 smaller ones. all exquisitely illuminated. They were used 250 years and then in 1818 were put aside. The larger ones are fully a yard long bound in leather with great brazen corners and locks like a prison door. In the ugliest church in Italy (on the exterior) San Domenico is the tomb of Santa Catherina who lived in Siena. The saint does not seem to be a great favorite for the church is little popular. The frescoes by Sodoma in the chapel of S. Catherina are almost the only thing worth seeing. In Padua the population seems to live on San Antonio. In Siena no one seems to know anything about S. Caterina. We visited the house with the little richly decorated chapel adjoining, but the ~~the~~ headcustode was absent so we did not see the sanctuary.

The Academia di Belle Arti with several rooms full of fine examples of the early Sienese masters was too cold to be enjoyable; as I had previously studied the gallery well we spent little time there the Giovanni di Paolo and Luca Signorelli, the Sano di Pietro and Sodoma all are well represented. The early Sienese school was a great rival of the Florentine but in dignity expression and conception no one of the masters compares for a moment with Giotto or his followers. One picture painted in 1277 even older than Cimabue the master of Giotto was evidently ~~one~~ one of the starting points of the great current of the Renaissance. The palazze pubbliche with the suite of quaint old rooms full of frescoes more or less well preserved occupied us an hour. The palazzo with the tall campanile stands in the great piazza - one of the most impressive and most thoroughly characteristic squares of Italy. It and the palace are somber, full of monuments of decayed power and splendor and surrounded by the grim

old palaces of the middle ages. The square is large and empty except at early morning when the contadine flock there with their market produce and knicknacks. The women of the country round about Siena all wear immense flat straw hats at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet across which flop flop at every step and make the wearer look very ridiculous in winter but in summer seem quite in place. Siena is strung out in narrow arms of thickly joined houses, buildings huddled together as if there was no room to build, and then all of a sudden the city ends and the country begins. These arms are simply the crests of steep pointed ridges which meet in the centre of the town where is the piazza and the Cathedral. A high wall surrounded the town in the middle ages and parts of it are now in a good state of preservation. We paid for our lodging and dinner for two (soup, meat salad and bread with a litre of wine) four francs all told quite as cheap as I have ever found in Italy. We left at 4.45 for Pisa arriving there at 9 o'clock. On our way to the station in Siena we went around the walls a bit and could see away across the country almost to Perugia, the great clay tract where a clay bank comes to the surface for many square miles, was perfectly visible. This tract is very peculiar. The clay is hard as can be and it is impossible to grow anything in it. Consequently for a large area the land is barren and blue. A few farms manage to support a scattered population who mix sand with the clay and thus manage to raise a little corn and grow a few trees. Ridged and furrowed by the rain into fantastic forms this country is the most desolate spot I ever visited. I passed through it last summer and the character of this clay waste came to my mind as I looked today on the cold grey patch in the broad landscape spread out under us as we stood on the hill at Siena. Orvieto Perugia Assisi and nearly all the cities in middle Italy as well as many others all over the peninsular are situated on the top of a hill and Siena is the only one which is reached by the railway. A branch grade of a mile in length leads up from the main track so the omnibus is done away with.

Pisa Feb. 9.

Our hotel bill was 1.50 for us both quite as low as one reaches even in Italy. After such a short bill we started out with more than usual good courage and went immediately to the cathedral piazza where is the baptistery the leaning tower and the Campo Sante or burial plot. These are the only sights of Pisa

and are so near together that they can be quickly seen. We found the interior of the cathedral less rich and far less harmonious than the one at Siena. It has a gorgeously gilded ceiling many statues, several by John of Bologna a few paintings and some queer bronze doors. The leaning tower is within a few rods of the east end of the Cathedral and when seen from the east or west ~~is~~ is startling in its incline. It is 179 feet high and leans 13 feet. A staircase of 294 steps leads to the top - a very drunken staircase too. At one point of each turn one feels as if he were drunk for all the tower seems to be sliding over. The stairway winds up between the walls and one can go out and promenade on each of the arcaded storeys. At the top there is an iron railing and it is a dizzy outlook. The sensation one gets from standing on the edge and looking down is awful; it seems quite impossible that the whole structure should not slip away from under foot. Altogether we were glad to get down. The Campo Santo is a parallelogram enclosed by a marble arcade closed on the outside. The earth in the parallelogram was brought from Mount Calvary, over 60 ship loads, to bury the religious in. The whole wall of the arcade is frescoed by various artists and the passage is lined with antique sculptures. The Bible is illustrated in immense frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli. The figures are all life size and the number of frescoes must be about fifty in all. The "triumph of death" attributed, falsely I think, to Orcagna is a most curious work probably repulsive to most people but to me full of interest. The interior of the enclosure with the sombre cypress trees is solemn enough, even the sunlight is barely cheerful. The interior of the baptistery is uninteresting with the exception of the curiously carved marble pulpit. There is one of the finest echoes in this building I ever heard. The custode sang a few notes which were repeated most musically. Pisa is ⁺uninteresting as a city. The streets are monotonous; the Arno is enclosed by straight walls and there are no fine bridges; the churches with the exception of the little ruined Maria della Spina are not worth a visit. Large hotels, strangers and importunate guides abound.

At noon we left for Livorno (Leghorn). A half hour across a flat country covered with pines near the sea brought us to the port. We walked through the town to the harbour and smelt the sea again to our great delight. I was disappointed in the

harbor. It (or they for there are two, an outer and an inner one) is very small and contains a few ships only. The general aspect of the port is quite oriental and I could easily imagine myself in Piraeus. The town is quite uninteresting. Some good streets and one or two fine squares. There were great preparations for a corse and we saw many children in fancy costumes. We varied the monotony by a visit to a straw shop and came away, back to Pisa. At 3: 45 we took the train to Pistoja. The road winds away across the plain in a northerly direction past Luoca and between the mountains in full sight of the snow peaks of the Appenines. There was a most beautiful atmospheric effect at sunset and while we were looking at it the whole valley and the mountain sides as far as the eye could reach toward all parts of the compass, sparkled as if by magic and in an instant without any visible signal with thousands of bonfires. It seems that tonight is the bonfire night of the children who celebrate the end of Carnival. We reached Pistoja at 6: 30 and strolled around the town finding it quite uninteresting in the evening. It is quite a manufacturing place and it is said that Pistols were first made here hence the name.

Wednesday Feb 10. We left Pistoja at 10: 50 in the worst third class car I ever saw. The seats were about a foot wide and the backs quite perpendicular. To add to our discomfort there was a crowd of people mostly soldiers, all smoking and all more or less strong of garlic etc. etc. We slept, of course very little, and got over the mountains and into Bologna at 3 a.m. The ride had been warm enough on account of the crowded state of the car, but when we got aboard the next train at 4:20 we found the cold intense. In a few moments the windows were thick with frost, we were benumbed with chill draughts and even now as I write, hours later my fingers are not entirely limbered out. With the sun came no increased warmth and we could see the whole plain frozen and dead in the intense cold. Not a living being was to be seen, although the great farmhouses were numerous and the small villages quite frequent. It seems to be a great fruit country. At 7: 14 we came into Parma and immediately walked up into the town to get coffee. After our breakfast in a warm room we hesitatingly set about sight seeing. The air was intensely cold; people were stamping in the streets and thrashing their arms to keep warm. The cathedral we found a most peculiar structure with a Romanesque facade and a somber old interior with raised choir

and transepts. The dome is adorned with frescoes by Correggio but they are ruined. As our visit was especially to study this master who is only seen to the best advantage here, we went to the picture gallery and examined all his pictures there with conscientious care. I found in Correggio what I have always suspected, a faulty manner of drawing and often childish weakness. The Madonna with St. Jerome is perhaps his best painting - his other "madonnas" and "the martyrs" and the "deposition" are quite too weak to please me but contain much worthy of study. In the gallery are several good portraits by Velasquez and Vandyck a good Parmeggianine and several passable bits of the Venetian school. The Farnese theatre, a quaint ruin of a wooden ~~theatre~~ theatre built in 1618 by the Farnese family is adjacent and we were much interested in the dilapidated boxes, stage and paraphernalia. A histrionic rather than a historic ruin. In the convent of San Paolo one small room is ornamented with frescoes by Correggio. The panels of the vaulted ceiling each contain a group of cupids very well conceived, painted with skill and drawn with grace. Notwithstanding their many faults I was very well pleased with them; they are in an excellent state of preservation. Below on smaller panels are allegorical and mythical figures. Parma is not altogether unpicturesque but is rather devoid of interest. There are several fine squares one containing a statue of Correggio. The old baptistery with a ring of curiously carved beasts and monsters around near the base is black as coal with age. In this all the inhabitants of Parma have been baptised from 1216 downwards - it is said.

A ride of a couple of hours brought us to Piacenza where we had to wait three hours for the next train on to Alessandria. The town is not attractive on the exterior and the moment one lands at the station a crowd of guides, runners for hotels and restaurants besiege the traveller who has the courage to attempt a survey of the town and to charge through the battalion of importunate guides. We piloted our way past several eating houses each one trying to pull us in and strolled away up into the gloomy old town and dodged into a little eating place that looked artistic. We found it a restaurant of the old kind. They had nothing ready but invited us into the kitchen because the day was very cold, and set about preparing macaroni. The kitchen was worth painting. On one side an immense fireplace, where the servant girl

heaped up brushwood and we sat in the corners and toasted our legs. Opposite was a huge sink made of an old stone sarcophagus finely carved. Great pans and shapeless utensils of copper and earthenware hung on the walls and the indescribable litter of a busy kitchen filled the corners. We sat by the fire until our dinner was ready for us at a table nearby. While we were eating we had plenty to amuse us. The mother of the family was teaching the small boy to read by the light of the fire, three men were playing cards at an adjoining table and the pretty servant girl was making herself useful generally. It was a glimpse of Italian life not put down on the bills of the first class traveller and only to be met with when one travels artistically. The cathedral is a gloomy place not particularly attractive but the church of San Sisto although in itself uninteresting was worth a visit because in the curious antique frame of gilded scrolls and angels over the altar once stood the famous Sistine Madonna of Raphael. There is now a copy of the picture made a century ago. The original was sold for 20000 ducats. In the piazza dei Cavalli with the fine old palazze del Municipio are two statues by a pupil of John of Bologna. They are equestrian portraits of the two generals Alexander and Ramucio Farnese. The former was a most celebrated general of Phillip II of Spain and took Antwerp etc. etc. I was familiar with his history through Motley and on that account was most interested in the statue. Among the bas reliefs on the base I found an interesting representation of the destruction of the bridges at Fort Lille by the Antwerp fire boats. The old city was represented on the horizon and I could see ~~well~~ all the familiar steeples.

Genoa - Feb 11

After leaving Piacenza we had a most uncomfortable ride, not enlivened by the recollection of the experience with the guides. Charlie said that the town made up in guides what it lacked in interest - a remark which should be engraved on the town gates. It was nine o'clock and cold as greenland when we came to Alessandria. The car windows were thick with frost everybody was shivering and we got out stiffly and fell into the arms of at least a thousand half frozen hotel runners. We selected the most respectable because we wanted to get to a place where they would be sure and wake us up for the 5 o'clock train to Genoa. We found the hotel quite eastern in appearance reminding me very strongly of the Hungarian and Romanian hotels. But I awoke in the morning after a sound sleep and looking at my watch found it after five o'clock. They had forgotten to call us and we missed the train - we went away two or three hours later and grumbled all the way to Genoa. The first half of the ride is uninteresting and flat. Then the winds were so frosty that we could not see out and we were glad of it. After a couple of hours ride the hills began to rise and we ascended the Appenines in a gentle grade, so gentle in fact that I could only make myself believe that we were going down all the time. There are no very high mountains in this part of the range but the hills were all covered with fresh snow. Our first sight of the sea cheered us and the ugly villas came along more and more frequently and raised their painted facades toward the sea in battalions as we neared Genoa. A long tunnel and then we came out where we could see forests of masts, the sea and the hills all grouped together in a charming picture.

Our first move was seaward, of course. We walked down upon the marble terrace - a long marble promenade on the top of a row of low stone houses along the quay where the principal hotels are and the most business is. This promenade is most delightful. From this point the harbour is all visible and the greater part of the city. Below on the quay was all the life and picturesqueness and confusion found in Mediterranean seaports. Small boats dodged about the groups of vessels moored in the small port and carried loads of passengers to the steamers lying further out. The wharf shipping is moored more compactly than I have ever seen it before. It is difficult to understand how they ever extricate themselves from the entangled net-

work of chains and ropes. The port is small, no larger than the Scheldt at Antwerp, but it is very deep and quite full. Long breakwaters protect it on either side and toward the west a very high lighthouse dominates over all other spires and reefs in the vicinity. Beyond this can be seen the hills that line the shore as far as Nice and Marseilles. They looked too cool on this frosty day to be inviting at all.

I forget to mention the very first sight we saw which could not have taken us much or I should not have omitted the mention of it. It is the monument to Columbus which stands in a little park adjoining the station. There is a great deal of pretense in the monument - a central group and figures on each corner with bas-reliefs and models of the ~~prows~~ ^{prows} of the ships Columbus sailed in - but seen against a background of faded rusty buildings, even if it is surrounded by nicely trimmed hedges and well kept up garden plots, it does not charm the spectator. All Genoa has a worn out, faded look. There is much stucco used in the houses and much cheap external painting which fades and drops off and becomes dingy in a short time. The streets are as narrow as those of Venice hardly wide enough for one carriage - a great proportion of them. The houses are very often of ten and even 12 storeys high and the projecting eaves often shut the daylight almost away from the narrow lanes. Most of the windows in these narrow high streets have white reflectors to throw stray streaks of daylight into dark rooms and sombre shops. For narrow, dark and high streets Genoa takes the rag off the bush. Still there are some wide and busy thoroughfares. Busy, yes all the town is busy but in the broad streets that run around the centre like boulevards the movement is quite Parisian. Splendid shops and fine old palaces crowd each other and the styles are all out on the sidewalks. This we found out as we promenaded up to the great red palace, Brignoli-Sale to see the picture gallery. The collection is small but well arranged and interesting. The one picture of all that delighted me was a portrait of a man in red sleeves by Paris Bordone. The Venetian school is well represented and there are some very good Vandycks and the graceful Saint Sebastian by Guido Reni so often copied and a well known head in monochrome by Leonardo da Vinci. This was the only gallery we visited although there are one or two small ones beside. To get a view of the town we went

up the dome of Santa Maria di Carignano on a hill to the east of the centre of Genoa. From that height all the bay the town and the suburbs were spread out before us like a map. The situation is charming and the city is well named "la Superba" for from this height it looks superb. The sea coast on each side is visible for a great distance and the hills as far as the vision can reach are covered with villas. We took some interest in counting the number of storeys in the houses near the church and found several with $10\frac{1}{2}$ or 11 storeys propped up on faced stone walls that were at least 40 feet in height. From the roof it must be a dizzy outlook. Truly the Genoese are highminded. The churches we visited were of no special interest. The cathedral is not bad nor good either - and the little church of Annunciata is decorated in a most sumptuous manner. The roof or ceiling and cornices etc. are simply one mass of gilded carving and the whole effect is most superb and not altogether tasteless. We drove about the town in the late afternoon and up upon the little park of Aqua sola - a raised plot of ground built over several streets and terminating in ~~at~~ a little hill with various little houses, a zoological garden on a small scale and a botanical nursery at once. The view is very fine from this point.

The evening we passed at a circus - ~~or~~ a public exhibition of a gymnastic society and we were almost frozen and very much bored before the performance was ^{half} over. We slept in a hotel adjoining the station.

Torino Feb 12.

We were called at 4 o'clock and took the 4.45 train for Alessandria and Turin. A long, eventless, cold, cheerless ride, arriving at Turin about noon. As we came out of the station - a grand building one of the finest I know of, and saw the broad modern streets we set it down at once that Turin would not please us, but after a short promenade up to the palace and cathedral through the great squares full of people ~~and~~ ^{we} got quite reconciled to the modern city for the sake of the people who inhabit it. The piazza San Carlo was covered with a great net of garlands extending from the houses on either side to tall flag staffs erected in the middle. All around the sides were booths. This was all that remained - and a rather extensive remnant it was too - of the carnival of Turin. We found to our ~~great~~ disappointment that the armoury which contains the shield and swords made by Bevenuto Cellini was shut for repairs and we went to the Academia Gallery (Pinacoteca).

Here I was more than pleased with the collection. The admirable arrangement of the pictures the comfortable seats and quiet of the halls must make ~~the~~ it a charming place in the summer. Of course in the winter it is cold. But much more liberal than the Venetians they have one room warmed for the copyists to work in. It is a great surprise to see the Vandycks in this gallery. The very first picture that meets the eye is a beautiful little portrait of two small children and by far the best picture in the gallery and one of the best Vandycks I ever saw is the portrait of the three children of Charles I of England. They are all standing, one is dressed in red one in white and one in blue and the drapery is simply marvellously well done. There is also a group of three graces by Bonifacio and a fine picture by Botticelli which attracted my notice. The Venetian school is very well represented and strangely enough the Dutch school as well. It is one of the finest little galleries in Europe. After the pictures we dined, wandered about the interesting arcades and took a drive all over the town and up to the Capucin monastery on a hill over the river whence the view is most superb. The city is spread out below like a map the most prominent object being the hideous tower of the Jewish synagogue. The vast plain stretches away to the Alps which are plainly visible and Mont Cenis appears quite ~~close~~ close at hand. In the cathedral the only object of special interest was the chapel of the Sudario where is preserved the part of the cloth the Saviours body was wrapped in. The chapel is entirely of black marble and is very lofty and of peculiar architecture. The dukes of Savoy are buried here and there are several white marble monuments around the edge in niches and the effect is most imposing. It is the most chaste and most impressive chapel I ever saw. In the Consolata we found several rooms full of the rudest pictures hung on the walls as votive offerings for recovery from sickness or escape from accident. I thought the Tyrol furnished about as rude and inartistic illustrations as could be made but these beat the ones I saw in the Tyrol. The Sudario makes me remember that we saw in the Chapel of St. John in the cathedral of Genoa the chain which bound St. John. No women are allowed in that chapel for Herodias sake it is said. An English^{WO}man told the sacristan that no men should be allowed in the church for they crucified Christ.

In the evening we followed the impulses of our very depraved tastes and spent the

evening at the circus. It was a great affair too; the best balancing possible some stunning gymnasts and excellent forms among them. The more I study art the more I like circuses. I suppose it is because at a circus only one gets a sight of well developed human forms. Turin slept when we came home - so different from the gay Paris where life begins at midnight.

Milan Saturday Feb 13.

We were up and away from Turin long before daylight and had a long long ride to Milan. When it was light enough to see the Alps the interest did not flag, but the country itself, bare form and frozen dead is quite as monotonous a tract of cultivation as you can find on the earth. We did not delay long after reaching the fine station at Milan but set about seeing the gallery and the churches. As I was familiar with this city this task was accomplished with readiness. The very first step we made was to the theatre "La Scala" - the famous theatre of all the world I suppose. We invested in seats for two and they gave us eight tickets some of them as large as this page ⁽ⁱ⁾ and quite as thick as $\frac{1}{3}$ ⁽ⁱⁱ⁾ of this book. Two of the tickets were admissions to the mask ball which was to follow the theatrical entertainment and everyone had to buy these and afterwards have the money refunded if he did not stay to dance. If one should take his family to La Scala a servant would be obliged to come along to tote the tickets. In the gallery "Breva" we found much to interest, especially in the Venetian school. Bonifazio is well represented. The gem of the collection is Raphael's "Sposaliza" or marriage of the Virgin painted in his first manner, full of his master Perugino. There is also a good landscape by Francois Millet and an old Belgian master. We visited the church of S. Maria delle Grazie and the room with the last supper by Leonardo da Vinci - his greatest work - unfortunately nearly ruined by time and the more ungracious destroyers, the restorers. By the time we had seen this the streets were full of maskers for it was the day of the great Corso of Carnival. Processions of maskers trotted on toward the Cathedral to join in the cavalcade that winds round the city in a defined path through the principal streets. The hits were mostly of a local character and many of them were, to say the least, decidedly low. We joined the crowd and went to the Corso. The beautiful facades

(i) 54" x 14" (ii) 11" x 11"

of the houses with their many balconies were black with heads and the streets swarmed. Through an immense crowd wound the procession with great cars and moving monster-ities and bands of hideous maskers. Confetti rained from all sides; the streets were ankle deep in it and flowers crushed and trampled, strewed the path of the cavalcade. The immense arcade Victor Emmanuel was full of people and the confusion was sublime. As a display and as an entertainment the carnival far surpassed that of last year in Rome. We were too sleepy to enjoy it much so we went to the hotel and went to bed leaving word to be called at 6: 30 p.m. We awoke at 8: 30 - the servant had forgotten us. We were not long in performing our toilettes for we had no baggage and so could put on no clean collars. We rushed out of the house and to the theatre, Charlie with the dirtiest collar man ever wore and his white handkerchief forgotten. Myself in a woolen shirt and no cuffs with a collar by no means immaculate. Our boots were white with confetti dust and hats and coats ditto. We were shown to our seats by waiters in swallow tails and white cravats and found that we were, to our great relief, unnoticed in the crowd. The opera was the Prophet and was decidedly slow. The theatre is very large and has an air of worn faded respectability. The ornaments are all dingy and the curtains faded. There are six rows of boxes and nearly all of them are differently draped, following the individual tastes of the owners, I suppose. Hence there is no harmony in the interior. The cathedral scene in the Prophet was especially fine, the procession very rich and the scenery throughout gorgeous in the extreme. The ballet which followed was the best in point of performance I ever saw but the effect of the ballet at the theatre in Vienna was more striking. We were not sorry however when the dancing was over and we came away convinced that La Scala did not keep up its old reputation by a long chalk. At the door there was the worst kind of a jam for everybody had to have their money back for the ball tickets.

Milan Feb 14.

An hours ride in a slow train over a flat and uninteresting country brought us to the celebrated monastery of Certosa^S di Pavia. Just before we reached the station we could see a cluster of quaint spires of red brick rise above the dry trees, and a long, very long and high brick wall which encloses the monastery walls. A walk of a quarter

of an hour brought us to the monastery gate the road skirting all the way the high wall. The ^tgate is a shiny medieval structure with a bridge over the surrounding ditch evidently intended for defense. Inside we entered first a parallelogram with a great building on one side and the church at one end. The façade of the church, very much admired by some authorities ~~did~~ not strike us as very remarkable. It is ~~not~~ as fine as the cathedral at Siena, although it is covered with wonderful carving in marble. The interior of the church is ~~very~~ fresh and modern looking. A beautiful iron screen bright with gilding divides the nave from the transepts and iron gates shut off the numerous small chapels on either side of the nave itself. An old monk came along to conduct us through the monastery and led us into the transept ^{which} ~~where~~ is full of interesting monuments. The choir however is the jewel casket of the church. The seats are carved in a wonderful way and there are various statues and frescoes, but the wonder is the high altar itself which is a miracle of workmanship. Such exquisite carving in marble I never saw and such a wealth of materials were never elsewhere assembled. Jewels and precious stones are scattered all about in a spendthrift way and are not seen except near at hand. The intricacy of the carving and the richness of the marbles are absolutely indescribable. In one transept is a face panel of an altar - a curious mosaic of hard stones which cost two men ten years of labor and in a chapel adjoining the choir is an ivory screen which took a skilled workman 40 years to make. The lavatory is full of fine marble work too. The well is exquisite and the water tank with carved faucets is a great ornament and not an eyesore as such things generally are. From the church we went to the cloisters where the 24 small houses each with several rooms and a garden are ranged around and with the sight of one of these tiny dwellings and the grand but empty old cloisters ^{we} ~~ended~~ our visit. The place is now a government institution kept up solely as a monument. All this great church with its incomparable wealth of ornamentation is never seen except by a few people. There is scarcely a house in sight of the monastery and it seems a sin that it should have been built where it is. The interest of the money it cost to build the monastery would support all the people who live on the country within sight of its tall spire. It is such a picturesque building and well worth a visit though by no means as interesting as the Certosa near Florence. On our

return to Milan we visited several of the most interesting churches among others Saint Ambrose with St. Lorenzo. In the former we saw several interesting frescoes a fine old sarcophagus and the brazen serpent erected by Moses in the wilderness (??). San Lorenzo is a curious round church like the ~~Antikoon~~ Pantheon at Rome but less impressive of course and of different architecture. In front of it is a Colonnade of 16 old Corinthian columns probably once a part of the structure to which belonged the church.

Monday Feb 15. We rushed around the town to see the last few sights and made a visit to the treasury of the cathedral and the tomb of the patron saint of Charlie S. San Carlo Borromeo. He is the ^mswelliest of all saints; he lies in a casket made of a great number of pieces of rock crystal four times as large as this page all set in silver and covered in jewels. The head and body is visible the face alone being uncovered. It is dry and brown as a mummy of course. Over his head hangs a crown of gold and jewels by Benvenuto Cellini and a beautiful cross of great emeralds hangs over his breast. To see this most precious casket the front side of an outer casket of solid silver is rolled away and only for a fee of 5 francs is this done at all. We rushed up on the roof of the cathedral and part way up the spire and then down and away to the station for the noon train to Verona. It is a fine ride to Verona, always in sight of the Alps and the latter part of it along the very edges of the outlying hills that begin the mountain range. It was almost dark when we came into the Station at Porta Vescovo and quite dark before we came to our hotel, a little inn near the amphitheatre.

Verona Feb 16. We naturally enough dropped into the amphitheatre immediately after breakfast for it is in the middle of the city in the largest square. The amphitheatre was an old friend of mine for I had seen last fall a variety show given in the arena. After the amphitheatre we drove all about the town in a carriage, saw the fine old tombs of the Scala family and the picturesque piazza dell'Erbe with the quaint old staircase in the Mercato vecchio one of the most picturesque corners I ever saw. The Piazza dell'Erbe was full of market women with immense umbrellas and the scene was one of rare movement and variety. The church of Santa Anastasia and the cathedral are the only ones we visited. In the Piazza dei Signori near the tomb of

the Scalas is a fine statue of Dante who found an asylum here when he was banished from Florence. The house of the Capulets is not far away and we drove past it and off into another part of the city to see the so called tomb of Juliet. We were ushered into a large garden and promenaded the length of it and there away in one corner under a little chapel recently erected is an old red sarcophagus with several holes in it. To all appearances it has been used as a sink or has served a similar purpose and hence the holes; but the custode says they are the breathing holes, and we try and believe him. No one claims this to be Juliet's tomb except those interested pecuniarily. Verona is a quaint interesting town with the most interesting and picturesque situation on the banks of the Adige. The houses along the river are wonderfully picturesque. Balconies abound and without the play of Shakespeare to quicken the imagination we would fancy all sorts of stories about the place. On the tomb of Juliet were various wreaths and other slight offerings. On one of them was hung a card which bore the following inscription:-

The Accompanying is placed here by the wife of General Shakespear who is a
MRS. TALBOT SHAKESPEAR
descendant of the immortal poet.

Verona June 4th 1874

We took the noon train for Venice and were glad enough when the old Campanile of San Marco came in sight on the horizon. Giovanni met us at the station with the two dogs Tom and Jerry and they were delighted beyond measure by our return. Venice seems a haven of rest; The house welcomed us full of smoke from the badly arranged stove and we supped with no small appetite after our long tedious ride 3 class. Found a great pile of letters awaiting me - good news and very bad news - mixture not palatable.

Venice Feb 25.

A week ago we had a snow storm which covered the ground to the depth of eight inches. This time it came on again before the debris of the former one was fairly cleared out of the streets by the lazy workmen and has been now snowing 26 hours, over a foot having fallen. In the Calle there are drifts as high as my head and one lies level with the wall on the Riva by our door. On the Via Garibaldi there is an immense drift down the middle and the whole town is actually

The Marine Festival is in full blast. We went to the unveiling of the monument in Campo San Pietro on Nov. 15th, and in the evening I took Mrs. and Miss Adams to the small concert at the rooms of the society (palladium). Very small and very slow. Fine supper after the concert - it may be remarked however that each one paid for what he ate - an Italian way of doing the hospitable.

April 8th. More notes to chronicle. The visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to King Victor Emmanuel. As in the case of the Marine Festival too much newspaper correspondence unites us for writing even the most meagre description of the Festival. However much I would like to keep a note of the gorgeous aquatic pageant that welcomed the Emperor on the morning of the 15th. That evening I took Mrs. Adams to the court ball and we did not come away until 4 a.m. a Polish proceeding for a young artist. But unobtainable after all for in this festival season I lay aside my brush for the pen and have been most busy with newspaper work. In company with Jackson I have sent telegrams to the London Daily News and letters to the N.Y. Herald beside my own letters to the Advertiser. Today I have built a great awning of such stuff as the lagoon is made of to serve as a studio. For 25 francs expense the whole structure rolling away on wheels and all was completed and now we have a studio better than the best fortunate artist. The sun is now beginning to heat us up a bit and Venice seems herself again.

April 21.

We started away on a visit to the famous home either Eugenio del Cio to see if she could do anything for Charles and which has been stiff at the other shore he looks in in time last May. We rode in the cars a couple of hours until we came to the pleasant little town of Corridonia just at the edge of the mountain range. There we dismounted and engaged a carriage for Vittoria or Lucia where the famous doctor

buried in a fall which is a wonder here. Never for the last twenty years has there been a winter which compares with this in severity. The sufferings of the poor people are incalculable & we suffer enough to sympathize with them. Our eight inches of snow is completely cast in the shade by 13 inches which has fallen within the past 24 hours. Sunny Italy!

March 22. The Marino Festivals are in full blast. We went to the unveiling of the monument in Campo San Paternan now Piazza Manin, and in the evening I took Mrs. and Miss Adams to the swell concert at the rooms of the society Apollinaria. Very swell and very slow. Fine supper after the concert, it may be remarked however that each one paid for what he ate - an Italian way of doing the hospitable.

April 8th. More fêtes to chronicle. The visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to King Victor Emmanuel. As in the case of the Manin Fêtes too much newspaper correspondence unfits me for writing even the most meagre description of the festivals, however much I would like to keep a note of the gorgeous aquatic pageant that welcomed the Emperor on the morning of the fifth. That evening I took Mrs. Adams to the court ball and we did not come away until 4 a.m. a foolish proceeding for a young artist. But excusable after all for in this festal season I lay aside my brush for the pen and have been most busy with newspaper work. In company with Jackson I have sent telegrams to the London Daily News and letters to the N.Y. Herald beside my own letters to the Advertiser. Today I have built a great awning of rush mats on the loggia to serve as a studio. For 25 francs expense the whole immense structure rolling curtains and all was completed and now we have a studio better than the most fortunate artist. The sun is now beginning to heat us up a bit and Venice seems herself again.

April 21.

We started away on a visit to the famous bone setter Regina dal Cin to see if she could do anything for Charlie's arm which has been stiff at the elbow since he broke it in Rome last May. We rode in the cars a couple of hours until we came to the picturesque little town of Correggiano just on the edge of the mountain range. There we dismounted and engaged a carriage for Vittorio or ^e Canada where the famous doctress has an establishment. We found two Italian ladies who were en route for Vittorio and

we all took the carriage together. Such larks as those girls were. One was humpbacked and about 40 the other about 40 and the reverse of humpbacked - evidently she was on her way into the country to increase the population. We got very well acquainted on the ride of ten miles or so over the plain to Vittorio. We dropped the ladies in the town and after a very solemn God speed from them we drove over to the house of the lady Regina dal Cin about two miles from the village finely situated on the hill side. The establishment is large and pretentious but not in good taste. We drove up to the door were received by a maid and went in feeling very much at home for there was a homelike atmosphere about the place. We went in to a little sitting-room well furnished with the walls hung with a portrait of the Pope, various prints and a life size photograph of a lady with a motherly face and a good deal of intelligence. The door opened and the original of the portrait stood before us and she asked in the worst Venetian dialect "You want me I suppose" and smiled and we knew her at once. Short and dark with high cheekbones and kind eyes large fine mouth not too refined, face full of homely intelligence reminding me of an American woman in its brightness and look of experience. We told her the state of the arm, she saw it and said immediately that it could not be operated upon, but recommended a course of treatment (bran poultice with mallows and a certain exercise daily) which she said would restore in a measure the movement to the joint. We had a long conversation with her and she showed us everything, all her memorials etc. etc. One book from Trieste contained 4000 signatures as a token of the esteem in which she was held there. She showed us an alcove full of crutches, and supports for hips which were given her as souvenirs by her patients. Most of them bore labels. Several were Americans and one specially interested me. It was from a certain Dr. Smith of New York (I don't remember his first name but it was familiar) who wrote that he was cured instantly and without pain of a dislocation of the hip of 19 years standing. They say that Regina dal Cin has inherited a power of manipulation and treatment of dislocations, more especially of hip joints, from her mother. She is at all events well known among the medical profession in all countries. She charges nothing for services but has a large house where people can live if they choose while under treatment. She is perhaps rich for that place for she has received many gifts from her patients. She is a most

estimable person at any rate and I enjoyed her acquaintance exceedingly.

Charlie was rather disappointed at the result of his visit for he evidently expected she was going to put her hand on his elbow and cure it. After our call we drove over to Serravalle the entrance to the Italian Tyrol and took dinner there. Most excellent food too and the best of wine. After dinner a short walk, then a long drive to Corregghano and a tedious slow ride to Venice in the cars.

Saturday May 1st

Straight away across from the Fondamenta Nuova past San Michele with the cypress shaded cemetery to the island of Murano where are situated the principal glass works of Venice. It is a ride of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour from Castello. One large canal with several turns and branches runs through the town and it is very like Venice only on a smaller scale. We visited the glass works immediately, saw them first making glass bottles of various kinds. It is an operation so common to be described. Next we went to a bead factory where they make bead tubes. They simply take a great lump of glass with a hole through it ^{if} ~~seize~~ it with pinchers and two men run away from each other drawing out the glass rod between them. They make the rods 300 feet long, afterwards break them up in lengths of say two feet, then ^{ch} ~~drop~~ them up into bead lengths and round them in a sand bath. All the machinery is very rude. To chop the tubes into beads they use a chisel. I was disappointed in the glass works for we did not see any fine work made. None of the beautiful Venetian glass was built up under our eyes. We visited the cathedral with its fine old mosaic over the choir and several relics; also we saw the museum with a magnificent collection of glassware ancient and modern. Our row back was delightful. On the way we stopped at San Michele and picked great handfuls of flowers.

Sunday May 2. The ride in the steamboat to Chioggia is not uninteresting, the route is through a channel in the Lagoon near the Lido all the way. On the left is the long monotonous low sand island with here and there a village, on the right the desolate waste of the Lagoon with the rows of piles and far off sails and scattered campanili¹ of the towns on the islands. On some days one sees no horizon only the awful desolation of the watery waste with the lonely sentinels of the channel posts and the occ-

asional boat that moves slowly down some distant channel. On our way down to Chioggia we were entertained by the landscape on either side. At the port of Malamocco we passed the Italian fleet which came up here on the reception of the Emperor. Immediately on landing we explored the town of course. The very first thing that struck us was the way the women have of wearing great light colored aprons (white or light calico) on behind and using them as a head cover. Every woman does this and they look like so many Arabian ladies. Some of these aprons are squares of linen with borders of fine lace. We found the town to consist of one broad street longer and broader than any in Venice with three canals parallel to this and with various small branches at one end of the town. All along these canals are found most picturesque places and the canals themselves are literally packed with fishing boats. When the bright red and yellow sails are hoisted it is a sight to see. There are as many as two thousand bragoggi or fishing boats here and there are only 20000 people. The boats are all about the same size, 25 feet long I should say and very clumsily built. We visited several churches but other than the quaint appearance of the women with aprons on their heads we saw nothing strange. We dined at a little inn and while we were eating two musicians came in. Both played guitars and one of them was a musical genius. He had all the spirit of a genuine negro minstrel and it was fun to see him shake his head and pick his guitar. They played and sang better than any two I have seen in Italy and amused me much. We made no purchases of note. I got hold of some good shells and invested in some pipes at 2 centimes apiece. Altogether a very picturesque place but a little too lively to settle in. I would like to live in a smaller fishing village. We arrived home about seven o'clock passing and stopping at San Pietro, Malamocco, Palestrina and Alberino on our way. These towns are simply strung out villages of tumbledown houses jumbled together along the shore. Plenty of wretchedness and accompanying picturesqueness.

Wednesday May 5

Charlie starts on his way to England via Livorno, Genoa, Nice and Paris. Not dreaming that I would accompany him part of the way he prepared to say good-bye at the station. I bought however two tickets instead of one both for Battaglia whence

we were to visit ~~Arqua~~^{Arqua} the home of Petrarch. A couple of hours ride brought us to Battaglia and there we engaged a funny little carriage to take us over the hills to Arqua. Battaglia is just at the foot of a curious group of volcanic hills that rise out of the great plain of Venetia quite isolated and of very peculiar formation. Three of them are as sharp and regularly pyramidical as the pyramids and all are very steep and bold although cultivated to the very top. The ride from Battaglia to Arqua six miles, double the regular road on account of a broken bridge, was very pleasant. Heavy clouds filled the sky; the wind was cool with the breath of the approaching storm, spring was really enjoyable after so long an imprisonment in Venice. The road wound up the hillsides and at last came out into a little valley where we saw a cluster of stone houses and a church with a red stone sarcophagus in front and we knew we were at Arqua. We drove up to a little inn and went to see the tomb - a curious square sarcophagus supported on four square columns on a pedestal, all of red granite. It bears a latin inscription. The church was uninteresting. We took a small boy as a guide and started to see Petrarch's house. We found that it is situated in the upper town, a village some higher up the hill side than the place where the church is. We just reached the gate of the yard when it began to rain, and our boy scuttled off to get the custodian. A simple old man came and let us in and showed us over the house. A flight of stone steps leads up on the outside to a little square piazza or loggia with arched roof. This covers the main door which opens ^{into} with a large room flanked on either side by two smaller ones. Ceilings curiously painted and with queer wood work. Some panels of old frescoes more or less ruined and never very good. In one of the small rooms is a chair and desk etc. etc. relic of the past. The back windows look out over a most charming landscape - a sea of cultivated plain and the pyramidical vine covered hills. Altogether it is a most charming spot and we saw it under the most favorable circumstances. We marched down back to our inn in the rain and we found a great fire in the tap room built in the open fireplace to heat an immense kettle of water for boiling clothes. Shortly after we were comfortably established there and had our bottle of excellent white wine, over the hills we heard the first peals of thunder, then all the village bells began to ring to drive away the storm and people began to assemble in the room, it grew dark outside and we had a

regular storm that lasted for some time in spite of the bell ringing. After the storm and a lunch of bread and cheese we drove down into the plain and into the station of Monselice. Here I was to leave Charlie who was to go to Ferrara. When the train came along I could not resist going along too and so I took a ticket for Ferrara. At Ferrara we arrived about 8 p.m., were driven immediately to a little Italian inn and got a fine room and ordered dinner. In the same room were dining four actresses and we had a jolly dinner together.

Thursday May 6.

We were up bright and early, the grape leaves making sharp patches of shadow on our window curtains and the "squaak" of peacocks in the garden was our reveille. Before breakfast I had bought Vasari's lives of the painters and Ariosto's complete works - an unusual thing for me to do, buy books before breakfast. But I found both very cheap and Ferrara was the dwelling place of Ariosto and so I bought them. It happened to be a festival and all the country people were in with produce and all sorts of knick knacks. I bought seeds to send home, some wine bottles for use and wanted to buy lots of things. The cathedral is interesting and picturesque on the outside. The castle is a finely preserved mediaeval structure with moat and drawbridge intact; it stands in the heart of the city. We visited the underground prisons the scene of the execution of the Parisina and other adjoining cells and found it well repaid the trouble for they were the veritable prisons of romance. Down through two trap doors, narrow corridors and winding passages to the level of the water in the moat. Here little cells of solid masonry with double iron doors windows grated with seven grates and the outside opening only two inches wide and about a foot long we found the worst possible habitations for prisoners. We visited later the Hospital where is Tasso's prison in which he was confined 7 years and 2 months. Two large rooms with ample grated window opening in his time upon a garden was Tasso's rather comfortable quarters. One of the rooms is now separated by a walled up door from the cell that is shown and in place of the garden stands the great wing of the Hospital. The arched ceiling of the cell is covered with names. Byron's is so blackened with candle smoke as to be illegible but his name carved in the plaster outside although partly carved off by the Duke of Tuscany in '59 is still

legible. We went to the Studio Publico to see the Ariosto manuscripts but it was closed on account of the festival. A visit to the "Palazzo dei diamanti" with the picture gallery was more successful but hardly worth the trouble. Some good pictures by Graefolo and Dosso Dossi. Ariosto's house is on the edge of the town, a plain brick building lately restored but well done. Ceilings very curious and rooms large and comfortable; a bust of the poet marks the place his deathbed stood and there is a superb marble slab in the room with inscriptions. An old schoolmaster keeps the place and I had a good chat with him. To finish our day we had a drive about the town. A quiet old place with grass grown streets decaying palaces and general air of decline. People very agreeable and refined. To cap the whole they sell peanuts there. The first place I have found them in all Europe. I left at 2 o'clock for Venice arriving at 5. Charlie was to go on to Bologna at 3. Venice did not seem to welcome me. No nature there. In the country all is green and fresh, in Venice the same artificial city and the same dearth of green. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts" of the country. But while I write I am already contented again in old Bohemia. We write up over the door since Charlie has gone "Ubi Bohemia Fuit." I forgot to speak of the new dog. Just as Charlie was about to come out to go away I heard a howling and went to see and found in the small sewer near our riva a dog hidden away clinging to the bricks to keep his head out of the rising tide. I pulled off shoes and waded round and rescued him naming him on the spot Charles Warren Stoddard Venus. The latter name does not indicate his sex but is appropriate as he rose from the sea. With our dogs it is not a question of sex in the name but of appropriateness. He is a young hound, perfectly white. We have cast our bread upon the waters and it has returned after many days. That is to say we planted poor Jerry in the canal after shooting her in her fit of illness and up has sprung the awkward pup in the place of that shapely little beast of a Jerry.

May 22 - Took the morning train for Vicenza arriving about noon. The sun was shining brightly and warm, all the foliage was crude and harsh against a deep ugly blue sky. Off in the horizon the Alps swam in a transparent haze and from cool Venice we found ourselves in a veritable land oven. But we set about bravely to do the town and were not long in finding our way along the shady side of the streets to the

Palazzo del Consiglio an immense building standing on arcades that furnish shops for hundreds of small merchants. The square with this great masterpiece of Palladio's architecture, the great red tower and the Palazzo Prefettizio is one of the best I have ever seen. The museum of pictures we found rather devoid of interest although one Vandyck was very interesting. The great sight was the theatre Olimpico or Olympic theatre constructed after plans by Palladio. It is in the form of an amphitheatre like the theatres at Pompei and the ceiling is of cloth like an awning. The stage is very curious. It consists of several streets radiating from the proscenium into perspective and on a steep incline. Houses of wood adorned profusely with small statues line the streets and are arranged in such good perspective that the illusion is perfect and it seems as if the streets were of immense length and one looks through the arch at the end out upon a painted landscape which quite completes the illusion. On walking around among these stationary scenes we found that the furthest houses were hardly as high as our heads. We walked in the cool of the afternoon along the stream and bought water in an open air "water restaurant" where old women drew fresh cool water from a spring and sell it at 2 centimes the glass. Then we climbed the Monte Berico along the arcade supported on 180 columns to the church and went up into an osteria, took wine and gazed our fill on the surrounding landscape. We could even see as far as Padua across the shimmering plain all covered with fertile farms.

In the evening we returned to Padua, took our ices in the café Pedrocchi and slept in the same room Charlie and I did last winter. Sunday morning we visited the Giotto frescoes and Arthur was quite as enthusiastic over them as I am and later we rummaged all about, saw the Titian frescoes and all the other sights, bought a great basket of strawberries and brought them to Venice arriving about five o'clock much refreshed by our trip.

Sunday June 13

We fitted our gondola with four oars and started away about 7 o'clock for Torcello some 8 miles distant. It was a long row against wind and tide but we accomplished it in less than two hours and found ourselves amply repaid in the island of Torcello with its fine old church. There are few houses there and the church and baptistery with the great square campanile, a landmark for the whole lagune, form a group of buildings

quite overtopping all other objects. The place is most desolate - a great waste of marshes, a few small fields reclaimed from the tide, scattering trees and the great buildings solitary as the grassy enclosures. The Baptistery with the quaint old arcades and the cathedral with the curious frescoes of the last judgement covering the whole of one end, occupied us for some time and then we went up the Campanile and enjoyed the view for a long time. The whole lagoon lay like a map under our feet and Venice floated on the water on the horizon. The bells in the tower are covered with beautiful decorations. We paddled over to Burano to dinner and while the meal was preparing I made a sketch. A hundred people soon collected and we had an opportunity of seeing the inhabitants of the island. The girls are very pretty, indeed the prettiest girls I have seen in Italy and they swarm there too. Our restaurant was on the main canal (the ^{ow} ~~town~~ is like a section of Venice) and very soon all the people knew there were strangers in town and we had fun enough. The kitchen of the restaurant was a sight worth seeing. It was full of copper pots and pans of all sizes from a cup to a bucket and great brass and pewter plates ^{on} the walls. The whole place was dazzling with polished brass and copper. After dinner we rowed home again also against wind and tide and after all this rowing we were not too tired to paddle to Saint Elena in the evening.

Friday June 25~~th~~

Arthur and I took the P & O steamer Baroda for Ancona. Left the dock at 11 and before we got into the Malamocco channel the machinery broke down and we were obliged to anchor for three hours or so. The crew of Lascars some 100 in number amused us continually. The type of face is especially interesting and very strong in character and their actions so childlike and simple that it is very entertaining to watch them. They are every narrow shouldered and thin bodied and it would take a dozen to make a good English sailor. We found the officers very pleasant and they gave us a state room (we were 3d class) and invited us to dinner. The ~~trip~~ trip only for the Lascars would have been without interest. On Saturday morning we arrived in Ancona and landed immediately having plenty of time to inspect the city before our train left at nine o'clock. It is finely situated on hills with many good outlooks over the small

harbor and with breezy steep streets and broad squares. Between Ancona and Loreto the country is hilly and Loreto itself, an hour's ride from A., is on the summit of a hill. We rode up from the station and went immediately to the church to see the Holy House which is believed to be the house Christ was born in and it was transported miraculously to this spot. It is simply a rough little chamber of brick and stone old enough no doubt. The exterior is covered with a beautifully carved marble facing full of high reliefs and statues. At the back of the Holy House is the celebrated madonna with a black head crowning a ~~long~~ trailing robe decorated with most rich and costly jewels. Shortly after our arrival I went and found Father John whom I knew through Charlie S. We took to one another immediately and in a few moments were firm friends. He showed us the relief^{cs} and treasures of the church and then we spent an hour in his dismal little room. He is from Philadelphia, a year older than myself, holds the very honorable position of English confessor at Loreto and is more than discontented with his place. Being very active and having led a very active life in Terrehaute he chafes under the restraint he is now bound by and longs to get away. We had previously ordered dinner and we sat down at eleven and got up just in time to take the 5 o'clock train, just such a dinner impromptu that comes once in a decade. I haven't passed a jollier day in Italy. Of course we separated with mutual regret and Arthur and I took the train for Rimini arriving about 10 o'clock.

Sunday June 27

We were up at 4 to go to the little Republic of San Marino some 12 miles distant, but it poured. We had our carriage engaged and hung around until 6:30 when a lull in the storm induced us to start. We rode some five miles before it began to rain again and then the rest of the way it gently fell. From Rimini, San Marino is the most prominent hill, a square topped bold elevation often hidden by clouds. The road after five miles of near level ground rises continually. Serravalle is the first republican town and here they hitched a yoke of oxen on our carriage in front of the horse to draw us to the summit. We mounted very fast and with our slow team were up to the Borgo Maggiore or village situated at the foot of the rock in an hour. The village is much like all station towns and we ordered dinner in a regular country inn